

48, 51, 54; John 3: 16, 36; Gal. 2: 20; Eph 2: 1-5.

Paper—Mission of Christ.

Song — Offering — Sentence Prayers — Closing with Lord's Prayer by President.

LAURA E. N. GROSSNICKLE.

RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE.

[S. S. C. E. of the Brethren church of North Liberty, Ohio]

WHEREAS, It has been the will of our Heavenly Father in his wisdom to call to her rest Mrs. Sarah Law, and whereas, the relation existing between the deceased and the members of this society render it proper that we place upon record our appreciation of her friendship while in our midst, and her merits as a woman and a Christian. Therefore, be it

Resolved, That with deep feeling of regret, soothed only by the hope that her spirit has been wafted heavenward to the peaceful rest, enjoyed only by those who have fought the good fight, and trust that some day we shall all meet her upon the ever blessed shores of immortality where parting will be unknown.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions, signed by the committee in behalf of the members of this society be transmitted to the husband and family of the deceased, and a copy be sent to the BRETHREN EVANGELIST, and to the *Butler Cyclone* for publication.

ALICE GRUBB,
FLORA GRISIO, } Com.
SADIE WINELAND.

Home Circle.

"SMART" CHILDREN.

Donald and Marguerite came home from kindergarten, swinging hands and singing shrilly the song of "The squirrel in the hollow tree." At the back porch they stopped short. Right in front of them was a big pan filled with great green shiny pods.

"Look at their thick stems! and what are they, anyhow?" Donald asked.

"Peppers," said mamma. "Mountain bell peppers," and, with a sharp knife, she cut out a little circle around the stem and then proceeded to dig away the small yellowish-white seeds. "I am going to stuff them with chopped cabbage, and then sew on these little lids and put them in a jar of strong vinegar."

"I think they're real pretty!" exclaimed Marguerite, putting her wee inquisitive nose a little nearer the pan. "See! there's one with a bright red streak in it!"

"That's ripe! than the others," said mamma. "They're fire-red when quite ripened."

"Are they? Oh, give us one—each of us!" chimed the children, while Marguerite added, "We'll keep them till they get red, then, with the lid on them, they'll be the cunningest, tawnty jars, and we can keep our strings of thorn-apple beads in them!"

"My! my!" laughed mamma, "I guess not! You children mustn't even touch these peppers!"

"Why?" asked Donald, dolefully.

"Oh, they'll make you smart, and—" But just then Peggy came to tell mamma that the minister had come for an afternoon call.

When the children were alone, they looked at the pan of peppers and then at each other.

"What did mamma mean by 'making us smart?'" said Donald.

"I guess she meant learning things easy," said Marguerite, wisely. "I heard Ethel Greene say that Jimmy was real smart at riffentick."

"Sh'd think mamma'd want us to be smart," said Donald, in injured tones.

"Well"—and Marguerite's little brown face, with its black eyes and red cheeks, glowed with a sudden adventurous spirit—"well, anyhow, I'm going to see what those peppers taste like! Let's each take one of the seeds—such teeny-tawnty things can't do any harm."

Two pairs of fat little hands rummaged among the peppers until they found one with the lid off, and a seed was selected.

But the seed got no farther than the two red mouths—and then, oh, then, how they bit and stung and burned like fire! Then the peppery hands rubbed lips and chin, and that made matters worse!

"Oh! oh! oh! It's hot!" howled Donald.

"Boo! hoo! hoo! It's burny!" sobbed Marguerite.

At the sound of the wails, mamma came running out—and Peggy, and even the minister and his wife; and everybody talked and one person advised one thing and another said something else, and Rover got up from his rug and barked loudly, so you can imagine the confusion. Presently Peggy brought a big piece of ice from the refrigerator, and Donald sucked one end of it and Marguerite the other, and that cooled the pain somewhat, though the tears still rolled down their cheeks, and their lips were red and swollen.

And after a little, when vaseline and cold cream had made them still more comfortable, Marguerite said, in a quavering little voice, "You—you said it would make us 'smart.'"

"Well, it did, didn't it?" said mamma, and then everybody, even the two little pepper victims, laughed.—*Selected.*

THE ILLNESS OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

Familiar as we all are with the illness and suffering of persons around us, we have a peculiar tenderness for the little child who is sick. Children are so sweet and blithe-hearted, so light of step, so full of fun and play, that it seems strange and unnatural for them to be bound hand and foot by pain or fever. Generally the dear little things are very patient sufferers, not complaining much, and willing to take whatever remedies are prescribed. They are sometimes fretful and cross when getting better, but the seriously ill child simply lies still, and bears its trouble as the grown person does.

At periods like the present, when certain diseases are apt to prevail, parents cannot too carefully guard against the spread of measles, whooping cough, scarlet fever, and similar maladies. The little patient should be isolated, the brothers and sisters kept in another part of the house, and every precaution should be taken against conveying the disease beyond the walls of the room which is the home hospital. When the child is better, the walls should be papered afresh, or repainted, the ceilings should be kalsomined, carpets cleaned, and the whole place gone over thoroughly before it is again used by the family.

Children attending school should not be sent there from homes in which there is contagious disease. In our large towns the care of the boards of health keeps the schools safe, but in many small places people must depend on their own vigilance and their own fidelity and care for the public welfare. One cannot be too conscientious in anything which affects the public weal. A little one is scarcely ill with measles, for example, may be the means of giving it in a malignant type to another child.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

WERE YOU AT CHURCH?

The habit of absenting one's self from the Sunday services of the church is one very easily made. Sometimes it is occasioned by sickness; very often some small excuse, some grudge against a member, some resentment at a fellow-member's fault, is the occasion. Jesus will be there, even if an unworthy member is present. Jesus may be present, especially to meet and forgive that unworthy member; and who are we that we judge a brother or a sister? We must be careful not to repeat Thomas's error, or we may also—we almost certainly will also—repeat his unbelief. If we do not, like Thomas, come back again to the place where Jesus meets His disciples, how can we expect to meet Him? At least let no one be so jealous for the honor of Christ and His church that he shall dishonor both by avoiding both.—*The Independent.*